

The Calumet BOILERMAKER

"THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS - - BY THE STUDENTS"

Vol. 11 - No. 2

PURDUE UNIVERSITY CALUMET CENTER, HAMMOND, INDIANA

Tuesday, November 26, 1963

FANTASY AND FROST - DEC. 21

The Ladies In Grey

Practical nurse education is a relatively new type of adult education that has had a marked growth in the past 10 years. The need for nursing care has so sharply increased during this past decade that hospital training centers can no longer provide a sufficient number of Registered nurses to meet this need. The rapid advance of medical science, the expanding public health programs, the extensive use of hospitals by the public, the rapidly expanding population, the longer life expectancy of men and women creating greater need for care of the aged and chronically ill—all of these factors have contributed to the urgent demand for nursing service, and the necessity for the training of auxiliary workers to meet this demand. As a result, trained licensed practical nurses are now recognized as important nursing personnel, both in the hospital and home care of the sick.

In response to pressing community needs in the Calumet area, Purdue University's Calumet Center in Hammond inaugurated its Practical Nurse Training Program in September, 1954. Since that time all of our community's hospitals have expanded their facilities, and the need for nursing personnel has become an ever growing problem.

The course at Purdue is one year in length, and is divided into two parts. The first 4 months are spent in classroom and laboratory instruction at the Calumet Center, and the last 8 months are spent in actual hospital duty.

While at Purdue, students receive instruction in nursing skills, body structure, personal hygiene, nursing ethics, nutrition, food preparation, home management and child care and development. The three instructors for this period of study are Miss Mary Ruth Maginsky, R. N., Mrs. Dorothe Clayton, R. N., and Mrs. Joan Doyle, home economics instructor.

Upon completion of the 4 months classroom study, students spend two months in each of the four major hospitals in the area, which cooperate with Purdue in this training program. The students learn medical nursing at Gary Methodist, surgical nursing at St. Catherine's in East Chicago, maternity and infant care at St. Margaret's in Hammond, and care of the child and the aged at Mercy Hospital in Gary. During this period the students work a 40-hour week, including 4 hours per week of classes in the hospital. Their clinical experience and classroom work are under the direction of a registered nurse in each hospital. Students receive \$4.00 per working day from the hospital during this 8 month clinical period, or a total of \$640.00 while in training.

After successfully completing the course, the students are eligible to take the Indiana State Board licensing examination, and become licensed practical nurses. They then use the initials L.P.N. after their name, just as the registered nurse uses the initials R. N. They may obtain employment in hospitals, nursing homes, convalescent homes, doctors' offices, industry, or may do private duty for individual patients in the hospital or in the patients' home.

The course is open to women between the ages of 17 and 55, who have had at least two years of high school or its equivalent, and who are in good health. Classes are admitted three times a year, in October, January, and May. The next class starts on January 27, 1964 and the pre-entrance test for this class will be given in late December.

The course is fully accredited by the Indiana State Board of Nurses Registration and Nursing Education. This enables the graduate to be eligible for licensure not only in Indiana, but also in any of the other 49 states.

Practical nursing as a career is in its infancy. Approximately 22,000 practical nurses will be graduates in the United States this year; 60,000 could be placed immediately. It is a career for women who desire job satisfaction in a field in which the need for their service is very great.



Circle K Car-smash. . . . After

Christmas Semi-Formal

"Fantasy in Frost" is the title the decorations committee has selected for this year's Purdue Christmas Semi-Formal. On December 21, the day after Christmas vacation begins, dancing will begin in the student lounge on the second floor at 8:00 p.m. The following students have already begun work for the dance: Bob Thomas and Tom Thaldorf, Decorations Committee chairman and co-chairman; Nancy Lee Richmond and Jane Schley, Refreshments Committee; Jim Palmer and Tim Rutz, Entertainment Committee and Dirk Dahlgren and Jim Rutz, Ticket Committee. If anyone is interested in working on any of the above committees contact the chairman or co-chairman or leave your name in the Student Council office, Room 152. Much help is needed by everyone to make the dance a success. Appropriate dress for the fellows is a dark suit and for the girls a cocktail dress. Tickets are \$3.50 per couple and may be purchased from any Student Council officer, Class Senator or Club President beginning the first week in December.

STUDENT QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Question: What is your opinion of the social functions here at P.U.C.C., and do you have any suggestions for improvement of them?

Tom Gregor, Chuck Golatta, Jerry Resnir, Larry Matula: There should definitely be more social functions, and girls from other schools should be invited.

Larry Radwan, Gayle Agler: The students themselves should participate more. There should be more and better advertising for the events.

Frank Shehigian: The hayride was an excellent idea. More activities, definitely, and assemblies to promote them.

Tom McLean: Have a band at the dances, better publicity, and assemblies to inform the whole of the student body.

Jim Palmer: Expand dances and inter-class competition.

GABLES

Gables' newly elected treasurer and vice-president are Jim Hopp (treas.) and James Cook (vice-pres.).

The Calumet BOILERMAKER

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No. 2

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INWARD!

That fortunate legion of us tuned in on the Boilermaker wave length, and therefore receptive to the mighty radioactive impulses radiating from its lurid pages, will immediately recognize the wisdom of an Inward. I feel, therefore, that no explanation is necessary. True, a few preoccupied students may whisk the newspaper home thinking it is works of James Joyce or at least "Tips for the Happy Barbecuer" by Abe Stein. No matter. These people, being too pseudo-blåse or just plain dull to receive the radiations, will (a) suffer an intense migraine headache two pages in, and (b) fling it in the trash.

So that takes care of them.

This leaves a number of non-paper-addicts who, because of their superior intelligence, will (a) see instantly the brilliant lampoonery that is the Boilermaker, (b) curse themselves soundly for having been absent the day the paper came out, and (c) howl all the way through. By the time they will have reached the Inward, their brain-pans will have been conditioned to accept such things without a question. They will have become addicts, and therefore one of us. And we don't need any explanation of an Inward, do we? So the sooner you get it through your fern that there won't be any explanation, the better—and that's final now!

Crimenetles!

Where was I? Oh, yes, the Inward. For me to say merely that I am not a fan of the Boilermaker would be like saying that Gina Lollobrigida is "sort of interesting." I am addicted to this like the Aga Khan to starches and aren't they all? Why? Because it makes me double in pain. And unlike the administration it isn't all funny!

Fortunately it (the Boilermaker) laughs at the same things I do—that is to say, we are both completely insane. Which unlike the administration does not get its kicks by watching students hitchhike to the school after parking out in the boon-docks, lose their money to those single-slotted bandits in the cafeteria which produce prizes of various delectable grades of U.S. food. This is not saying that the food is not fit for human consumption but the next time you're in the lounge after lunch, count the number of students "barking" their way through their studies. Of course, in many of the machines (which have also been referred to as those (—;:)(?—'***!***;::???!—) one can earn valuable gifts. In one such machine all you have to do is save three empty plastic bags and send it with your neck size to the company and they will send you "free" a dog whistle so you can call your friends to lunch.

In closing, let us remember that someone once said "Laughter is the best medicine." I don't know how much consideration he gave to penicillin. It is a true fact that a friend of mine had an acquaintance who also was a buddy of his who fell into poor health and proceeded to decline a little each day until the doctors could do nothing for him. As for decline she didn't feel too good either. Upon being told that the patient was beyond medical help, my friend called one day at his bedside and on a hunch told him a very funny joke he had just heard regarding three wild animals and a man who played the violin. (This joke is available upon request.) As he reached the punch line, the pale man opened his eyes and laughed for the first time in months. Color returned to his face, and would you believe it? . . . within forty-eight hours . . . he was dead. The laughter had overtaken him. This shows how much the guy knew who said "Laughter is the best medicine." HOO HAH!

It is possible, of course, that he meant, "Laughter is the best 'tasting'

Busted Ventricles

Dear Annie:

I really like this one sophomore boy. He is a riot to be with and a real nice guy. My problem is I don't know how to approach him so he knows how I feel.

Bruce

Dear Bruce:

I suggest you make an appointment with your guidance counselor!

Dear Annie:

I have a rather embarrassing problem. Every time I get nervous I pull on my left ear and now it is longer than my right one. Please help me.

Lop-sided

Dear Lop:

I suggest you walk around with your head tilted slightly to the right—that will even them out. Also, whenever you are in class just pull on your right ear. Don't worry about anyone saying anything to you—you sound like the type of jerk that nobody talks to anyway!

Dear Annie:

I am a freshman girl who is secretly married. My husband is a sophomore going to another school. My problem is that a sophomore boy asked me to go out with him and I want to. What shall I do?

Fickle

Dear Fickle:

You're not really fickle; all young wives have these frustrations at first. I suggest that you sneak out with this boy; maybe you won't like him after a date. If you don't, you might as well keep going out because you're reputation will be mud anyway.

Dear Annie:

I don't know what to do. My teacher seems to be in love with me but he's married with two children. He's cute but I would hate to break up his marriage.

Moral Mary

medicine." This really shows you what a nudnick he was: I know of some much more daring medicines. I know of a cough syrup, for example, that tastes just like Mogen David Wine when you pour it over rocks. (It doesn't taste bad over ice, either.) Make this simple test at home: Pour first the cough syrup into a tall glass, then the laughter. See how much of a belt you get out of the laughter. I rest my case.

It seems pointless to go on because I think I have covered the subject adequately. Those wishing to read the conclusion of my Inward will find it on the edge of this page in Sanskrit. The body of my message has been put across by now anyhow, which is to simply say that the Boilermaker is my favorite pastime (next to women, wine and song, rest and the feeding of my cat and my dog; in that order) and I hope you have savored the Inward as much as I have. I boiled mine for lunch.

—Dean Barbell

Dear Moral:

What harm can it do to egg him on? After all you might at least pull an "A" out of his course and you sound a little dumb so you might need it for your average.

Do YOU want to be popular and well-liked? Then send for my helpful booklet, "Sex on the Campus." Just enclose 25¢ and your name and address and send it to me, Ann Anderson, in care of this paper.

The Ear

You have probably noticed the new fraternity affectionately nicknamed the "pack rats" walking around.

Gee, Pat, that gooky messy cream pie sure slid down just right, huh?

Anyone for a short one at Diamond Jim's?

Fear not girls—gallantry shall not be lost as long as Sir Lancelot, alias Jim Siegel, is around.

Anyone for playing pony express—it's a little like post office but with more horsing around?

Poor Dave VanAlstine—seems rather confused—he waves at old ladies!

Robin Hood habits our school as John Starr—giving away his knowledge to those in need.

Anyone in favor this winter of a group going bear hunting OR hunting bare? (which ever proves to be most popular).

Ron, with his snazzy Italian-cut shoe has been showing off his golf socks—the ones with eighteen holes!

Bobbing for apples can sure be fun if they are floating in beer!

A rumor is that Joe Brozovich is buying Professor Flannery a Christmas present (probably an accurate slide rule!).

Maybe if you're good, Bob Thomas, Santa will bring you a square foot eraser—you sure need it!

Did anyone notice how cute Dirk looks in gingham?

S terns

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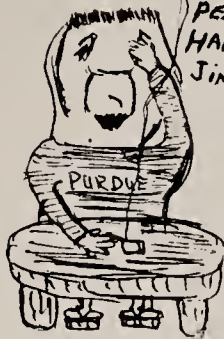
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MAURICE

AH, SWEET SOLITUDE!
WHERE IN HEAVEN'S NAME
CAN I FIND IT?



IF I SIT IN THE LIBRARY
I'M RECOGNIZED. IT HAP-
PENS IN THE LOUNGE, THE
HALLS, THE JOHNS, DIAMOND
JIMS, EVERYWHERE!



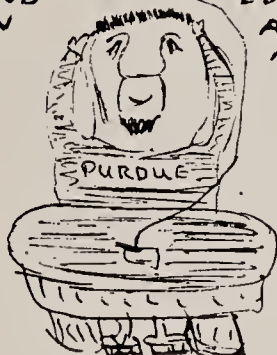
HOW CAN I STUDY WITH SO
MANY FRIENDS SCREAMING AT
ME, SLAPPING MY BACK, SHAK-
ING MY HAND? IS
THERE NO SOLUCE
TO BE FOUND?



I HAVE IT!! I'LL FORCE MY
FRIENDS TO REJECT ME. I'LL
STOP SPEAKING TO THEM, QUIT
CHANGING MY SOCKS, AND
DROOL ON MY NOTES IN
CLASS.



AH, THE THOUGHT OF IT! NO ONE
WILL SPEAK TO ME. I'LL BE AVOID-
ED LIKE JUNGLE ROT. ALONE
AT LAST, WITH MY THOUGHTS,
MY HOMEWORK, AND MY



FILTHY SOCKS.
HMMM THIS PROB-
LEM REQUIRES
EXCEPTIONALLY DEEP
REFLECTION.



THEY'LL TALK ABOUT ME.
PEOPLE WILL ABHOR MY PRESENCE.
NO MORE PARTIES, GAMBLING
IN THE JOHNS, LUNCHES AT
DIAMOND JIMS-----



HEY WOODY! I'LL BE
OVER TONIGHT - JUST GIVE ME
TIME TO DROP OFF MY BOOKS
AND CHANGE MY SOCKS!



{ Coughlin coped with captions }
{ WATERS DREW THE LINES }

Soup's On

Here are six simple suggestions for choosing and eating the food in our self-service kitchenette.

1. Don't eat breakfast. It's the best and only way to appreciate the food.

2. Don't eat lunch. Instead of eating just think of how those rubbery hamburger and hotdog buns will melt in your mouth as your teeth miraculously find their way through to that delicious dog-food patty. Your stomach will actually be vibrating with joy waiting to pounce on that patty and beat it into SUBMISSION.

3. For the adventuresome few a fun game is to put your money in the soup and stew machine, close your eyes and pull any one of the knobs (they all taste the same anyway). The potato stew (alias label—beef stew) has a very unique flavor. It seems the potatoes were imported from Russia before the Iron Curtain was lowered. The kidney bean stew (laughingly called chili) is really good. Those in zoology class might enjoy analyzing the mushroom soup—perhaps a rare poisonous mushroom will float to the top. And those skin-diving fans will probably enjoy the

tunafish sandwiches (if they like seaweed they'll like them).

4. What to season the food with. First of all, if you like ketchup you don't need to put any on the hot-dogs. The red coloring runs off onto the bun and serves the same purpose.

5. How to digest this meal. This can be the most fun of all. Find a nice secluded spot so that you can enjoy it and then turn loose! Swallow that food and listen as your stomach nicks it around. You can hear that gurgling and beating as the food is suppressed, only sometimes it may get the upper hand and try getting out again—but if you eat one of these delectable morsels every day, your stomach will adapt itself to fighting and even plan new warfare tactics. What is really fun is to play guerilla warfare in your stomach. In other words, don't eat the food all at once. Just playfully swallow every once in a while and laugh as your stomach turns on the power and struggles for control.

6. What to do after digestion. Relax. After all the excitement of the fight you will be emotionally exhausted, but you will need energy to prepare yourself for the next meal.!

A. Gourmet

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Poetry, What?

WHAT SCALE?

What shall be
The scale
Of measure-weight
Determining which
Misdeed tippest more—
Perhaps the heart.
For a pound to one
May be an ounce to another—
Therefore, are mere mortals
Able to determine
That nebulous thing
Called justice?

MY CAPTIVATED FREEDOM

Captivated as a bird
In a cage,
I ruffle my feathers
And look longingly
Through my bars—
To no avail.
I think I am
Almost afraid of freedom.
At least, though captivated,
I have Security;
And perhaps I really
Should stay confined,
For if I wish,
I may sing in here.

—Christina Metto

GREETINGS

a
bird
was laying
on the highway
in a smash of broken, flat,
nothingness,
the dogooders of food and funeral
doing their work.
Indistinguishable as a blog,
I would not have known it
for a bird
save for one untouched wing,
which, as I sped down the road
waved hello and goodbye.

WAYWARD THOUGHT

I stood in the nude darkness, sip-
ping a beer and watching the fog
roll down the street from the
west.
I went to bed with beer on my
breath as the fog went east with
my thoughts on its breath.

—Dirk

PERSONAL

(YOU SNOOPY READER)

Pussycat, who wants CANDY,
Is worried sick looking for her
(CANDY, you subtle sweet).
RICHIE can't stop loving CRICKET
(CRICKET, you shy singer).
ELOISE is still sending daffy cards
To Mrs. H.F.K., who doesn't want
them
(ELOISE, you dirty dealer).
The future Mrs. M.
Wants everyone to know
That she needs Bob M.
(Bob M., you world stopper).
YOUR fiancé is waiting
In painful silence
For MY fiancée
(MY fiancée, you peculating part-
ner).
Jack wants PEG,
A little pest,
To come home
(PEG, you pip-squeak plague).

HORIZON

Farmers in a bar
With beers in front of them
Less than the color of mustard
seed:
'How many did you lose
In the last litter?'
'Four dead of distemper'
(With hat cocked over eyes
As bloodshot as sunset).
And they wonder why the rain
Just tantalizes the soil
With shallow-rooted weeds,
Till the throat cracks dryly
On a word of hope;
Why chicks die
As quick as frost snaps;
Why the field heavy with clover
for two years
Grows only the limp-stalked corn
This year.
They wonder and drink.
And stare with far eyes
As at rain they feel
But cannot see
Licking the dry horizon.

—C. B. Tinkham

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THE *Light* REFRESHMENT

The Lone Stranger Ranger and Otnot

Around 1870, the West saw the birth of a legend. Yes, it was the appearance of the Lone Stranger Ranger and Otnot, his faithful Indian guide, cook, and slave. These two stood for all that is good and nice, and they fought all that is bad and evil—that's live spelled backwards. They went from town to town doing good, and in return for their services, all they wanted to see was a clean West. Sometimes they looked a little ragged from not getting paid for doing good and nice things, but they smiled and dug for silver bullets.

One day, after fighting off the entire Apache nation, they came into a strange town, and heard a funny little fat man talking to the people of this little town. They assumed that this man was the mayor of this little town, for he wore a black silk top hat, and because everybody was listening to what he was saying, real hard.

Our heroes wandered up to the crowd and tried to listen to what the fat little man was saying, but this was very hard to do since the fat little man never moved his lips when he talked, and he didn't make one bit of sense. After the fat little man finished what he was saying, our boys asked one of the people there what this fat little man had said. The reply was that there were no crimes or sinful acts in the little town.

Now this made the LSR (Lone Stranger Ranger) and Otnot real happy, and they were about to leave when they saw another man with a top hat, but with a policeman's uniform on, go up to the fat little man and give him some money under a table. This made our boys wonder if the fat little man had told the truth. After asking around, they found out that the fat little man with the silk top hat was called Dick Daily and the man with the policeman's uniform was called Ow. Willson.

The LSR and Otnot decided to see what was really happening, so they acted like they were going to eat dinner and then going to bed. The LSR went into the front of the town restaurant, and Otnot went to the back of the restaurant. After dinner, they went to the town stable where LSR said good night to Otnot. Then the LSR went to the town hotel and got a room.

Real late at night—around nine o'clock—the LSR snuck out of the hotel, and went into the town bar disguised as a poor farmer with his life's earnings who is on the way to the doctor because his wife and forty-two kids are sick and if he doesn't get a doctor real quick they will all die a horrible death; and he just stopped in the bar for a quickie. The fat little man saw him come in, and asked him if he was going to get the doctor because his wife and forty-two kids were sick and if he doesn't get the doctor they will all die a terrible death, and all he has is his life's earnings. The LSR said that was true. Well, the fat little man said that 35 cents isn't enough for a doctor and would he like a chance to earn some more money. LSR said he would.

The fat little man took him to the back room where there was gambling, beer, and girls—all of which can be very sinful. Right fast the LSR knew that all this was wrong. LSR took out his gun—fake bullets, real bullets aren't too good and nice—and told the fat little man to get his hands up or he would take away his toilet paper supply—this isn't nice but we can't always be perfect. This scared the fat little man to no end. Just then, the other man with the top hat came in and drew a real gun on the LSR. Not being completely stupid, the LSR dropped his fake gun and begged for mercy. The two men laughed and said that they were going to take LSR for a ride in the country—a one-way ride.

The three of them were riding in the country—the two men were talking and the LSR was crying his head off. When out of the air came an arrow—ZIP—and then another one—ZAP. The two men lay dead on the ground. Otnot came out of the bushes, freed the LSR, and they rode back to town to get their belongings.

As they rode into the little town the people were cheering, for the two strangers had cleaned up their town for good. The LSR said you're welcome, and that he was glad to do it. He then threw the people a silver bullet to remember him for ever and ever. As the LSR and Otnot

rode out of town, the people were very quiet. After the LSR and Otnot were gone, they were asking each other what the silver bullet meant. A voice yelled, "He's the Werewolf killer we been hearin' 'bout."

One More For The Road, Jack

Hi Jack. Am I ever glad you could make it. Here, have a seat. I thought it best to discuss the problem of school spirit here, away from the kids. Would you like a beer?

Oh miss, would you please get us two beers? Thank you. Well, what do you say, Jack?

More dances and social affairs, you think. Well, I don't know Jack, they don't seem to go over too well there.

Waitress, two more beers. What do you think of that waitress, Jack?

Yeh, you're right. She is rather dumpy.

Listen, Jack, we can't even get

enough guys to come out for the basketball team.

Hey, waitress—fill'em up! Jack baby, what say we get some gambling organized in the school!

Hey, doll, you're kinda cute! Two more!

Here's mud in your eye!

Jack, you're a panic! I never thought of having nude statues in the lounges!

Baby, fill'em up!

Say doll, you sen me. Ha 'bout a kiss!

Whatcha mean I'm drunk? Jass, am I drunk?

Sees, he says I s'ain't drunk!

Jass, les skip class!

Wha skoo spirit? To hell wit skoo spirit! Les drink ta tha, Jass!!

Tina

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DOWNSTATE SPORTS

On October 27 this fall, Purdue's Big Ten Boilermakers were in the thick of the title fight with a 2-1 conference mark. Today they have fallen, along with the rest of the conference, into a fight for also-ran honors. The two teams with the best shot at the title and the Rose Bowl—Michigan State and Illinois—are who eliminated the Boilermakers.

The heralded clash between Purdue and Illinois turned into a rout as Jim Grabowski, soph fullback of the Illini, tallied thrice in a 41-20 drubbing of the quick but small Boilermakers. Ron DiGravio passed Purdue to 206 yards, a touchdown, and set up another with long aerals,

but it wasn't enough as the rugged ground game of the Illini amassed over 300 yards on the ground.

The next week, Michigan State's Spartans outran the Boilermakers 23-0, with Roger Lopes scoring 2 tallies on identical one-yard plunges. Neither team showed ability to gain much yardage on the ground as Purdue out-gained the Spartans 133-79 in total yardage.

The Purdue team evened their record the next week as they eeked out a 13-11 win over Minnesota's Gophers at the Lafayette stadium. The Boilermakers took advantage of three fumbles and a long (88 yard) kickoff return by Gorden Teter to stop the Gophers, who out-gained Purdue both on the ground and in the air.



Purdue University Calumet Center's '63-'64 Varsity Basketball Team

BASKETBALL OUTLOOK IMPROVES

"The team is coming around pretty good but we still have to do quite a bit of work on our defense yet."

These are the words of Coach Hayes prior to our third game of the season against Joliet Jr. College. After absorbing a 97-53 defeat at the hands of Wright Jr. College, the P.U.C.C. roundballers quickly rebounded to stun Bloom Community College by a score of 97-61. A definite improvement of team spirit and hustle was evident in the Bloom game. Paced by Dave Chyla with 47 points, the Purdue men overwhelmed the taller Bloom team. Coach Hayes used a man-to-man defense exclusively during the Bloom game and afterwards stated that the team will employ this type of defense the rest of the year.

Said Hayes,

"Our free-throw shooting has got to improve. We're only hitting around fifty percent of our free-throws and we have to do much better than that if we expect to win the close ones.

I was worried about our rebounding but as of now we've gotten seventy-seven rebounds to our opponents sixty-three.

We have a tough schedule coming up, but the boys are steadily improving, and I feel fairly optimistic."

The top three scorers so far are:
D. Chyla.....63 pts.—31.5 pt. avg.
M. Ramker.....28 pts.—14.0 pt. avg.
T. Magruder.....25 pts.—12.5 pt. avg.

Schedule for December:

3—Crane Jr. College...7:30 There
7—Milwaukee Tech.....8:00 Here
11—Illinois Sch. Optom....8:00 Here
13—Roosevelt Univ.....2:00 There
21—DePaul U. "Frosh"...6:15 There

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